Winifred Black Writes of **Hatred Turning Home Into** Worse Than Purgatory

By WINIFRED BLACK.

OVE, friendship, indifference, I found the two names writ-

ten on a slip of paper the other day-names with the letters crossed - don't you remember when you used to do that? How anxious you were to see what his name said when you crossed the letters of it with the

efters of yours. Love, friendship, indifference, hate sweet sixteen has been around. Love—what a word it is! How much it means and how very, very little.

Friendship—ah, there's something for you! Something worth having, as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar, as fine as the brain of a fine man, as true as the heart of a true woman Friendship-for me-forever!

Two Sad Words.

Indifference -- comfortable word, that. Cool and casual and do-asyou-please. No heartaches, no jealousy, no love that turns to hate, no hate that tries to masquerade as love. Indifference is a stupid partner-but not cruel nor an exact-

Hate-black hate, cowardly hate, envious hate, jealous hate, the hate that comes when it should be re-morse! No hate for me or mine, please, oh, guardian of my fate!

Love Turns Into Hate. Many a marriage that begins in love ends in hate, and many stop at friendship, and many leave friendship for indifference. The happiest marriages I know are those that begin with love and end with friendship.

The fine, true, deep-seated, faithful, loving friendship that is the true devotion of many a happy married pair. Hate—it is a dreadful thing any-

where, but when it enters the home it turns that home into something

I know a woman whose husband is in love with another woman. She would not rest until she had wrung the confession from him, and now that he has confessed to her he hates her, and tells her of it, and says he wishes she would die or run away or do anything on earth to get out of his life and leave him free to marry the woman with whom he is infatuated.

And do you know what that poor

What would I do if I were a wife like that?

would leave that husband. If I had children and were unable to take care of them, I would do what I could to make him provide for me

and for my children.

If I were young and strong and intelligent I would pack my things and go away without one word, and when the time came I would set him free, and I would never see him

I would be too busy to grieve. And after a while I would find peace, contentment and even happiness, and I would look back again sometimes and wonder at the insanity which had tempted me to tie the chains of my misery tighter and tighter around my neck by remaining with a man who wanted to get

The man? Oh, let the other woman worry about him! He'll give

"All right," he said meekly. "Go

Ruth Gets Interested.

self and of the part she was try-

ing to play. Then, as the exquisite

poem cast its spell over her, she read on for mere delight in the music of the words.

Her voice vibrated with feeling.

The clock on the mantel-piece ticked away the hour, but the

couple were oblivious of the flight

When the last page was reached the girl repeated the closing line

slowly, softly, her voice breaking

on the final word. Her eyes were

full of tears. She was thankful that her companion could not see

thought, he held out his hand to

is not a sad poem. For they were

together-even in death. To have

lived apart would have been the tragedy-not dying together."

"It is beautiful—that poem—be

cause it is true. It could end in no

other way. Why, darling, his voice

vibrating with tenderness, "I would

rather die, here and now, than live

without you. That would be a liv-

ing death to me, sweetheart. Per-

haps I ought not to say this, but

at this moment I cannot help telling

Still she was silent. This was

agony to listen to the tenderness in

his voice and not gratify the long-

"Hark!" she interrupted him,

starting up from her chair, "I hear

As she spoke the portieres across

the door were pushed aside and

(To be continued.)

BOOKS

TWO BUBBLES. By John Temple

Graves, jr. Boston: The Stratford Co.

A neat little volume, and a pleas-

Daniel Rodney came into the room.

your father coming!"

"Every day," he went on, "you

ing of her heart to respond to it.

continued:

"After all, darling," he said, "it

But, as if conscious of her

At first she was conscious of her-

The Two Voices

R. RODNEY was detained

message, adding:
"Mr. Rodney is holding the wire,
ma'am. What will I tell him,

upon you my dear." Mr. Rodney apologized. "But when I made this not know that Laura was to be

Ruth smiled as she left the instrument and went back to the library. Daniel Rodney's respect for the conventions had moved him to remind her that Hattle would be in lieu of a chaperone for her until

seemed of small importance to

be with Hugh, she regretted that tude a deux so long. Hugh's repentance for his temporary mood of and considerate that it was hard for the girl who loved him to maintain a practical matter-of-fact mood the remaining hour and a half intimate talk must be avoided

Ruth repeated her conversation with Mr. Rodney upon her return

with each other, sweetheart-the ngest time we have been alone together since my return. Yes and I mean to make the most of it by amusing you," she re-

jeined. "Do you want any more music?" "Just one song more, please!"

She spoke impetuously. "I do not want to sing that song you asked for the last time, Hugh." "No," he answered quickly, flushing hotly. "I do not want to hear it again." She did not ask for an explana-

ion. She must shun personal "You might sing again-"Oh, That We Two Were Maying!" he ven-

She did his bidding, and after she had finished, he sat silent so long that at last she broke in briskly and cheerfully to change the trend

"Suppose I read aloud to you

Would you rather do that than talk?" he asked. She ignored his wistful tone.

"Yes-I fancy it would be rather pleasant to read instead-for a while, at least. "Let me see," going to the bookase and scanning the backs of the volumes of verse ranged there.

Oh, here is something you will en-

joy. It is Stephen Phillips' 'Paola and Francesca.'"

Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin oap, Ointment, Taleum, Zie, every where, For samples dress: Ostlety's Laboratories, Dopt. I., Malden, Mass.

Playing a Losing Game.

broken-hearted wife is doing? She is staying with her husband, forc-ing herself upon him, making him take her places, pretending to laugh at him, trying to cover her crucify-ing agony with a pretense of satirical amusement. I never take up the paper in the morning these days without hoping that I will not read there the story of another

again, not as long as I lived.

I would take care of myself and

rid of me.

her plenty to do-never fear. Copyright, 1920, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

(Copyright, 1929, by Star Co.) CHAPTER LVI. Scating herself by the table, on which stood the lamp, she began to

this evening longer than with whom he had a business appointment was late in meeting him. He telephoned these facts to his house, directing the maid to ex-plain them to Miss Courtney and ask that young lady if she could wait with the invalid until the father's return—as the usual nightly attendant was ill and could not eport for duty until tomorrow.

Hattie, the maid, delivered the

"I will speak to him myself, thank you." Ruth said, glancing at Hugh. The expression of eager hope on his face decided her promptly as to what her reply would be.
"Yes, I will stay," she was saying

moment later over the telephone. Hugh is very comfortable, so do

"I am afraid this is an imposition engagement for this evening I did

"That is all right," Ruth insisted. "Hattie will wait up until my return and will attend to any of your wants. Let her make you a cup of coffee-or something," he added,

the return of the master of the

Recently all such conventions had Ruth. In the face of the greatness of her self-imposed task she forgot

While it was a delight to her to e and she were to be left in soliiscontent had made him so gentle

Hugh Delighted. ing little story. Nothing extraordi-

nary, to be sure, but one of those mystifying works that accomplishes to the library. more than the mere telling of a 'Good!" Hugh ejaculated, "That means at least an hour or more story. It makes one think. John Granville, bubble blower, is handicapped by an over-rich imagi

pation, which makes him regard the mild, unpleasant events in his life as objects of nameless horrors. It further drives him into impracticable love affairs in which he overidealizes his inamorata. Then come two things from over

the seas-the War and the Lady of Stars and Snow and Steel. He tried to blow the usual bubbles, but these two things were even more powerful than John Granville's imagination. His bubbles burst again, it is true, but they were the last he ever blew. He emerged from the war a man, and the pinnacle of impossibility upon which he had perched his Lady of Stars and Snow and Steel

became all at once plain to him as

a mirage. He saw her as a human,

a woman, lovable and loving, and

not as an ideal. Running through the whole story "Two Bubbles" is a political idealism, a special viewpoint with which some, perhaps, will disagree, but which is of universal interest, the individual psychology being subtly portrayed. But the Spirit of Romance is not lost sight of. "Two Bubbles" has all the bloom of a first love, a first adventure.

Practical Patriotism.

A surgeon who was about to perform an operation of a very simple character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient asked him if he were willing to have only a local anesthetic. "Certainly!" replied the patient, "I believe in patronizing home industry when-

The Australian wattle is an

DRAWN BY Memory C. D. BATCHELOR



Cocoa as a Food

By Loretto C. Lynch.

THE other day I called on one of those old ladies-dear old soul—who for years has been a tea toper. The teapot was never off her stove. If you came early enough you got fresh tea. But as the first tea was made for breakfast, one would have to be a mighty early caller to ever get first-run tea in that home. But can you imagine my surprise after I had politely steeled myself for the cup of health-destroying tea when the dear old hostess served

me a cup of delicious cocoa? But she explained. Seems that since both tea and coffee have become so very expensive she decided to try cocoa, with the result that she is having better health than in some years, and also finds herself eating less of the more expensive

Except for the drop of milk or cream and sugar, there is no food value in tea or coffee. Cocoa or chocolate is not only nourishing of itself, but being made with a large proportion of milk, it is a food quite as much as it is a drink. Yet there is cocoa and cocoa. And whenever I hear a person declare that she does not like cocoa I have a suspicion that said person has not had the pleasure of drinking

well-made cocoa. For each cup of the beverage, two level teaspoons of sugar and one level teaspoon of cocoa. Mix together in a saucepan and add onefourth cup water. Bring to the boiling point and add one-half measuring cup of scalded milk. If an albuminous skin forms, beat the

mixture with a Dover egg beater. There are two faults common to the beverage cocoa. Many of the cheaper confectionery shops that sell "hot chocolate" put the raw cocoa or chocolate powder in the cup, add some boiling water and a teaspoon of whipped cream and the sweetening. Folks often complain that this concection gives them indigestion. And it is not to be wondered at, for the raw starch of the cocoa powder needs more of a cooking than a mere scalding with boiling water. Moreover, since very little and sometimes no milk at all is used, the concoction is not nourishing to any marked degree. and sometimes not even palatable Some drug stores having soda

fountains make the cocoa with a fair proportion of milk, but ther they keep the mixture boiling all day long. Milk that is boiled even a few moments is difficult of digestion. Naturally, milk that is boiled all day is most difficult to digest.

Chocolate pudding is always welcomed by the young folks if it is well made. To make a good pudding, mix one-half of a measuring cup each of cocoa, sugar and coocoa in a saucepan. Slowly stir in one quart of milk. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture boils. Boil one minute longer and turn into molds previously dipped into cold water. Serve with milk or plain or whipped cream or marshmallow or a simple custard sauce. There are some very effective

ways of using unsweetened chocolate on cake. Recently I saw a cake covered with whipped cream and then the cake of chocolate had been passed over the grater so that hundreds of tiny shreds of chocolate fell upon this snowy white

A Legal Difficulty. The passengers on a steamer

were having a rough passage, and among them were a judge and a barrister. The latter was very ill. The judge, perceiving his friend's plight, inquired solicitiously "Can I do anything for you?" Yes," replied the barrister, "you might overrule

Office-to-Home Story THE ANGEL AND MERE MAN.

By A. B. Argo. RDINARILY Jimmie Farrington would have realized that angels don't use handker-

But this wasn't an ordinary occasion. Instead, it was the apotheosis of his emotional history. Being all this, it was only fitting that the woman who had translated him into the seventh heaven should be environed in a cerulean cloud which more sane observer would have seen to consist of a modish traveling gown of horizon blue mounted by a small hat of corn-

flowers. Jimmy saw only the sapphire eyes-in which his very soul was drowned, as his body undoubtedly would have been had he ventured into the lake to which he likened them-and the handkerchief with the blue border, which he noticed because it was held to cover the lins he was sure were no less per-

fect. Jimmie really didn't have time to look at superhuman visitants or anybody else not actively engaged in buying from him railroad tickets -for the morning rush cityward was in full tide at the little station on the sound and the procession of commuters was long and impatient. It was only between their heads, upon which he hurled violent ana themas that if spoken aloud would have proven more blistering than the hot July sun, that he caught tantalizing glimpses of the vision.

Yes, he thought in capitals of the picture she made. Then a particularly exasperating conductor demanded his undivided attention. Jimmic had always hated big Bill Higgins, because his most unrea sonable insistence upon train-dispatchers and station agents being letter-perfect in their duties had more than once threatened his insecure hold on the bottom rungs of the railroad ladders. The memory of Farrington Senior's stern ultimatum, "Make good now or be gone with you," always recurred to him with a painful jolt whenever he looked at Higgins' insignia of

And so, perforce, he now obeyed that official's orders-meekly, abjectedly, but with hate in his heart, for by the time the conductor re leased him the girl had disappeared. With her going the day closed for Jimmie in Stygian darkness; the people who moved before hin were but blacker shadows against the general gloom, while he him was experiencing that same sense of the bottom having dropped out of everything that was when he had made his maiden flight in an airplane.

Then suddenly he knew the rapture that had come to him when first he had known the joyous freedom of guiding unaided the great winged ship of the air-up, up, up until the earth and sky were one There was a jolt. The girl was seen to be accompanied by a man. Jimmie loathed him at first sight He would have loved to believe him her brother, but no kinsman of hers could be disfigured by so pugnacious a jaw. It was a sacrilege to even think

that the creature might be her husband, but he was walking with her and talking with her outside there in the world of light, while the envious onlooker was fastened in a cage just like-oh, horrors! Did she think of him as a monkey? Could she be made to think of him at all? They were coming this way. They were at the end of the still

long line. Jimmie gave a ticket to Hartford to the man who had asked

for one to New York, and he showed

porter. There followed a period

a deferential air to a grinning negre

of merciful oblivion in which his subconscious mind must have acted with fair accuracy, for if he made they were ricochetted back to him.

At last! At last! Her face was only two feet from his. Now he was hopelessly drowned in those twin sapphire lakes. The hand and handkerchief still hid her mouth. It was the man with her who spoke. "Can you tell us where to find a good dentist around here?"

subconscious mind still being on the job, Jimmic stammered an address. The grateful glance of the blue eyes was a benediction. The objectionable man no longer existed for Jimmie. Never in all the realms of divine justice-it was only in terms of divinity that he was thinking-could that jaw-envisaged beast be the recipient of such a look as that just bestowed upon him. Jimmie Farrington, the luckiest devil that had ever been so blind to, his own God-given opportunities as to have pined for his car and the open road leading far away from all possibility of this

meeting. Blind and insensate indeed-for far away in his own ecstatic bliss he had ignored her possible suffering. If that dentist dered to hurt her-well, he was master of a few

jiu jitsu tricks. The angel and the mere man man started to the door. They hesttated, looking at their bags on a nearby bench. Jimmie found his Would they let him care for their hand luggage in their absence? They would. He positively gurgled his thanks for the privilege. smiled and that was bliss now how had Omar put it? For the first time in his life Jimmie conceded that there might be sense in poetry.

The waiting room was now empty. He was free to follow, or at least to look. Bill Higgins again! More orders. More impatience. More ridiculous fault-finding. The conductor unquestionably had it in for him, and the conductor was strangely influential with Farrington Senior. Jimmie shivered at the thought of his unrelenting parent and gave the official all the attention his bemussed mind could summon. At last his tormentor left, but the hat of corn-flowers had also disappeared.

Jimmie rubbed his eyes. He was still seeing blue. No, it was not an hallucination. That was her handkerchief on the sill of his cage. It was long before he could sufficiently master his awe to touch most reverentially one corner of the sacred wisp of cambric and embroidery. Probably it would reveal her initials-possibly even her name. His hand trembled as he lifted something heavy, and from the soft folds in his nerveless fingers dropped a set of false teeth.

less blue could not have more completely stunned him. So that was why she had wanted a dentist? What horrible accident could have brought about so hideous a neces-One thing alone was clear in his whirling brain. She must never know that he knew. When she reached the dentist's office she would miss her property and come back. What should he

do? There was a glimpse of blue

A lightning bolt from the cloud-

at the end of the station platform. Desperately he tugged open the smaller bag and threw in the teeth and the handkerchief. There was a distant whistle, a rush of steps, and the young man pantingly demanded his bags, to catch the only momentarily stopping express. big Bill Higgins, "with my teeth A flash of blue, and once more I left on the ledge here?" darkness. Out of the inky black

Waking the Child's Soul

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever, Professor in the University of Kan-

YOUR child may grow from infancy to full adults the physical presence of a great mastepriece of art, and never consciously discover its presence. He may play daily about the room wherein it hangs, may glance a hundred times at what to him is a meaningless wall decoration, and may pass on into the world's more obvious affairs, without once becoming conscious of the wealth of beauty and significance in the picture so near him.

Take as illustration, Millet's wonderful work of art, "The Gleaners." an inexpensive print of which may be obtained in any art shop. Before beginning to show the picture to your child read to him Leviticus

119:9, 10, "And when ye reap the harvest of your land thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of the field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. Thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger.

Now point to the landlord in the background, mounted, to the heavyladen wagon and the evidence of an abundant harvest so far as cropproduction is concerned.

At length, the inquiring eve of the child learner, will come to the real picture in the foreground, the three peasant women-a girl, a mother and grandmother-stooping characteristically for their age and picking up the scattered grain-heads dropped by the harvesters. Study for a moment each gleaner, the quick moving girl at the left, the slower woman between and the stiff-backed grandmother to the right. Note the almost feverish diligence, the apparent obliviousness to surroundings.

Now, take your child's imagination back to the thought of the ages-of how 5,000 years ago this awful struggle with hunger was going on, of how it is here today just as fierce as an enemy. Show your little companion how these three patient women are not working for pleasure, or from desire, but are driven on to a fight with the gaunt enemy of starvation for themselves and their loved ones.

Finally, picture the vast millions of peasants throughout Europe and the old world today, bending low before the goad of hunger, scraping together wherever they can a thin morsel of food for their famishing households. Resolve that from this day for-

ward the great Frenchman's masterpiece will talk to your child wherever he chances as it, will remind him of the little favored spot in which God saw fit to have him born, while millions upon millions of other little ones came into the other place of wretcherness, want and hunger. And may your little one be thus

The first person to fly in Europe was Santos-Dumont, who on October 23, 1906, covered a distance of 200 feet.

merged in sympathy with all the

hungry of the world.

emerged the face of Bill Higgins. Jimmie was not surprised. ugly physiognomy belonged appropriately to these abyssmal depths into which he had sunk with the passing of the train that bore away the light of the world.

What was it the conductor was saying? Fainfully, Jimmie tried to focus his attention on his words. They were repeated in a voice like the crack of doom. "What have you done," roared

Quantities Changed. I have found that whereas we used to get one-ounce bottles or two-ounce bottles, now we frequently get three-fourths of an ounce and one and a half ounces. Of course the bottles are labeled, but, they are what is called panel

VOTHING is more easily adul-

sences, or extracts, and while it is true that the pure food laws

demand a strict accounting as to the purity of the extract, so often we are inclined to accept the "imi-tation pure raspberry flavor" and

It is admitted that such a product is pure, in that the combination of

ingredients are not harmful; but

nothing artificial ever could or did imitate Nature's own; and so, if you have a regard for the delicacy

and fragrance of real flavors, in-sist on having the genuine.

think nothing of it.

terated than flavoring es-

have not. Next time you purchase a flavoring extract, compare them and see. If your prices are the same for one and a half ounces as for two ounces, then it is time to investi-

bottles, they have long necks and

while they may look as though they had the same quantity inside, they

And if the price is the same for "pure fruit juice" as for "imitation," would you not rather have the pure?
Mind you, I do not claim that any

manufacturer is trying to cheat by using the smaller bottles, but the trouble is that the average housewife is careless and she knows prices are mounting higher and higher so that she lets herself be deluded when by a little careful-ness she could obtain better values for her money.

The Pure Juices.

Now about the "pure" juices. I was in a big establishment re-cently where I was given the opportunity of smelling a jug of pure concentrated pineapple juice just as it had come from the Hawaiian Islands, and the fragrance was wonderful; then I smelled from a jug of imitation pineapple essence.
Oh, the disappointment!

Pure raspberry juice and cherry juice come all the way from Holthat we cannot have them manu-factured in our own country. Strawberry juice we get here, of course, but not lemon oil for the lemon extract.

lemon extract.

The lemon oil comes from Italy.
Why? That is the question I asked the chemist. "Because," said he, "climatic conditions, altitude, and soil all affect vegetation. We cannot get the real oil of lemons here that is sufficiently delicate and yet strong enough for our purposes."

"But we grow the lemons," I ob-jected. "We should be able to produce the lemon oil." "Sometimes I think maybe it is because the best of the lemons are shipped away." answered the chem-

ist, "but, whatever it is, the fact remains that our oil of lemon comes from Italy or Sicily." The Vanilla Bean. I wonder if you know what a va-nilla bean is like? They are long, dark, rich, brownish pods from five

dried pod contains the flavoring.

The seeds are the tiniest I ever

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

Saving Money in the Home;

Little Tricks For Women

By ELIABETH LATTIMER.

in Household Economics

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW

it was saved. \$1 saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write

only on one side of paper.

I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestionss which I print.
If your first 'etter doesn't get

a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it. Checks vill be mailed to win-

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

points. The Mexican vanilla is the best in the world, costing the wholesaler as much as \$6.50 a pound, while vanilia beans from other tropical countries may be purchased for as low as \$1.75 a

I saw a special arrangement of two casks being revolved by elec-tricity, whirled round and round, macerating the vanilla bean with the necessary amount of water and alcohol. First, of course, the bean is chopped and ground, then into this specially invented machine it is pounded 47,000 times a day with the liquid to extract the precious

And it goes through the finest copper screen I ever saw to extract those tiny seeds. Copper wire so finely woven and so flexible that it is fike a piece of wonderful silk. So you see it takes much patience.

much skill and a complete knowledge of chemistry to manufacting pure fruit flavorings. I saw some of these in the process of being manufactured, I talked with the chemist who is responsible for their purity, and with the

men who conceived the idea of giv-

ing the very best for the least Words are futile things, some-times, and I cannot string them together to do justice to some of the things I would like to tell you. This s one of them. But I will say this, one can get pure fruit extracts and pure harmless coloring pastes, if

one will insist on having them. Summer is coming and we can use the fruit and vegetable coloring for so many cool and delicious desserts, as creams, custards, and

This Letter Wins.

Today's Economy Prize.

DEAR ELIZABEEH LATIMER:

When I took out my suit last winter I was shocked to find all around the slit pockets in the skirt moths had eaten several large holes. I suppose I did not sufficiently clean out the pockets when I packed it away. After trying all over town to match the goods without success I thought of the four-inch hem, and cut that off and made two odd patch pockets. I sewed up the slit pockets and darned the holes. After putting on the pockets I had the suit pressed and it looked as good as new. Even the tailor complimented me on the neat job. I faced the gkirt with some old goods I had. I consider I not only saved many dollars, but had a new suit.

Hoping this will furnish some of your readers with a new idea,

ANNIE E. BOARMAN. Today's Economy Prize.

have seen, like tiny black needle Held Up by Bandits

leave one of the great cities for an over-night ride to another, four young hold-ups entered and occupied the drawing room near my berth. These hilarious travelers had evidently been drinking some kind of hair tonic, for they were very loud and bois-They persisted in their terous. oisy revelry until about 3 a. m They cursed and swore and yelled

gers awake. Who were the four you ask? They were highly financed, easy spenders, who toiled not neither did they spin, who made merry all the night long and slept in their commodious apartments during the day. One of them boasted that he smoked an average of eighteen 25ent cigars per day (\$4.50), another

But the real holdup of which I wish to make mention, and the one of greatest disgrace to our boasted ivilization, was not merely that of obbing society of the time, service, the honest endeavor and the good will of the four spoiled, young spendthrifts. The actual knowledge that others must struggle and suffer in the production of the values consumed by these young bloods -that is what really hurts.

And just here is where our modern social order and our very Government itself is all the while tending to lose its deserved hold on the Indeed, here are some of the very it permits these hilarious millionidleness the best of the substance which the like of me must produce difficult question to answer. dissipation consume the fat of the

Lost In a Maze.

be squandering-merely all idlers

A prosy lawyer was arguing a complicated case and looked up authorities back to Julius Caesar. At the end of an hour and a half, in the most intricate part of his plea, he nattention on the part of the judge 'Your lordship," he said. 'I beg

I have so far," answered the ludge, shifting wearily about in his halv, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way out

as such and make them show cause

and smoked and kept the passen-

that he was "drinking more straight whiskey than ever."

affections and loyalty of the honest well-meaning youths of the country. roots of anarchy. As one carnest young plodder asked: "Why should be asked to love my country when aire bloodsuckers to consume in by the labor of our hands? It was But some one is to blame for the idle young banditti, who through land, while others toil to produce What a fine thing it would be if some just tribunal should be authorized to call before it all idlers under a given age without regard to the amount of money they

our pardon, but do you follow

why they should not either work or go to jail. I do not hesitate to say that I

would favor fines and imprisonment for all young men in a sound state of health who refused to buckle down and render back to society a full, just measure of service through some kind of productive industry. Thus we might destroy in the beginning the very thought of anarchy and thus also redeem the youthful rioters before their hearts begin to suffer from the dry rot of

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Stops Hair Coming Out;



After an application of "Danderine" you can not find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and thickness.

"Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets"